

EMMONS COUNTY RECORD.

WILLIAMSPORT, DAKOTA.

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WHEN George Warrell, of Rapid City, Minnesota, went to be married he found his progress impeded by a river swollen by the spring floods. With a rope around his body—one end held by a friend on the bank—he swam the stream, and then, on an improved raft, towed over his clothes and two saddles, one of them his wedding present to his bride. Then the horses were guided across, and the wedding was celebrated.

LORD TENNYSON has written the following letter in answer to a request for his autograph from the Secretary of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, to be sold at the forthcoming bazaar in aid of the hospital funds: "Sir: I send you a stanza from a poem of mine—written half a century ago—as you say you wish a verse of mine:

"Not he that breaks the dams, but he
That thro' the channels of the State
Conveys the people's wish, is great,
His name is pure, his fame is free."
TENNYSON.

A PARIS correspondent describes the scene during the night prior to the issue of shares in the French loan, when well-to-do investors and agents hire persons, who, in turn, hire others yet poorer to keep places for them until the hour when the office opens. It was motly and distressing. A poor widow, with seven children of a tender age, the youngest about 8, had been standing there since 10 o'clock. The eight places would fetch something like five or six francs—a fortune for a day. A charitable soul sent them some hot coffee, some bread and cold meat, and the look of delight at the victuals told a heart-rending tale of privation.

It having been represented to the Mayor of Manchester, England, that 40,000 persons there were out of work, and a petition signed by 800, all professing to have "got no work to do," having been sent in, the Mayor had the fifth name on each page of the petition inquired into, and found that one person was not in Manchester at all. Nine had given wrong addresses. Five were at work, one, whose family earnings amounted to \$10 a week, having got leave from his employer to attend the meeting of the unemployed. Two lived on their parents, nine upon their children or other members of their family; one upon the earnings of a woman to whom he was not married.

A PROVIDENT German has hit upon an idea for obviating the *embarras de richesses* in which newly married couples find themselves on account of their wedding presents including many duplicate specimens. Thus a bride finds, to her regret, that she has become the possessor, among other articles, of three biscuit dishes, seven butter plates, and perhaps a couple of opera glasses. An elegantly dressed gentleman calls upon brides in Berlin, it would seem, and offers to exchange or purchase for cash any superfluous presents. These are sold again by similar private means as wedding presents, or to shops; and, according to a German paper, there are about half a dozen persons in Berlin engaged in this branch of trade.

PARIS is almost childless. Tradesmen wish their wives to help them in the shop, and in order that the wives may be free to do this the children are put out to nurse in the country. The same custom is general among all working people. More than 50 per cent. of the children born in Paris die in the baby farmer's hands, a correspondent declares, before they reach their second year. Forty creches have been established in the city, but the counter influence of these has been trifling. A nurse of whom no questions are asked charges twenty-five francs a month for the keep of a baby, but those who are registered and overlooked demand fifty francs or more. They find their customers among the prosperous middle classes, but the working people can not afford to go to them.

THERE were callers at the house of John Cassidy, No. 476 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, the other evening. Dennis Riley, aged 30 years, and Celia Renney, aged 17, were among them. Both were friends of Cassidy's daughter Mary. Riley began to chaff the girls about mesmerism. "I have something here," he said, "that will do it." He then took from his pocket a 32-caliber four-barreled Sharp's revolver, and pointed it at Mary Cassidy. "It will mesmerize you, Mary," he said. "Put it away," Mary exclaimed, placing her hands in front of her face in fright. Riley then turned to the other girl and pointed the weapon at her saying: "This will mesmerize you, Celia." The words hardly escaped his lips when the pistol went off and Miss Renney fell dead. The bullet entered the center of her forehead and passed through the brain. Riley dropped the revolver and rushed forward and caught the girl in his arms.

"My God!" he said, "what have I done? What a dreadful mistake!"

BILL NYE is a lucky and unlucky dog. He picked up a bit of paper in the street on which was inscribed 2,684. He bought a ticket in a lottery of the same number and drew \$20,000. This he invested in a gold mine, and at the end of six months he took the poor debtor's oath. He then went to Cape May, and while walking on the beach he discovered a young lady sinking for the third time. He rescued her and received \$1,000 from her rich father. That night he fought the tiger and had to borrow a quarter to get a breakfast. He then took a job to put up a telephone wire, and while doing so he hit upon an idea which he sold to the company for \$5,000. He spent \$3,000 in solving the worthless and new electric light. He concluded for the first time in his life to salt the balance down in good real estate, and so he bought a farm and went to work. He resolved to dig a well, and the third day he struck a vein of coal and has been offered \$50,000 for one-half of his farm. Such is life.

THE oldest town in Texas, and it is believed, in the United States, is Ysleta, situated on the Rio Grande, and near El Paso, the chief town in the county of that name. It has a population of 2,500 souls. The place is one of peculiar interest, alike from its age, its people, its architecture, its agriculture, and its general products. It is a well-established historical fact that a Spanish military explorer, named Corrado, visited the town in 1540, and found it then a popular and prosperous civilized Indian community. He was immediately followed by the Franciscan Friars, who erected a church and established schools. Ysleta is believed to have been a considerable center of population centuries before the visit of Corrado. It is not a little curious, considering the advance of civilization from Europe, that the same race of people exist in the town to-day that existed 250 years ago, and that they are engaged in the same agricultural and mechanical pursuits as their forefathers at that period and for ages preceding.

LAST fall, says the *Wall Street News*, the stockholders of a certain Western railroad were making such a vigorous kick about the non-payment of dividends, that the President felt his position an embarrassing one. He finally plucked up courage and decided on a line of conduct. The principal kickers were informed that the outlook was more cheerful than for years before, and were invited to take a trip over the line on a certain date. At the time appointed a large gang were packed into the parlor cars and a run of a hundred miles was made. Dinners, suppers and hotel bills were all paid by the railroad company, and everybody came back perfectly satisfied. "Why," said one, "I counted over twenty freight trains inside of sixty miles." "And every siding was full of them," added a second. "I tell you we are having all the freight we can handle!" proudly exclaimed a third, and that ended all further kicking. It was only the other day that any of them learned that the President borrowed 312 freight cars and had them placed where they would do the most good on that day.

THE modern servant girl of American civilization may not be all that could be desired, but there ought to be comfort in the thought that the Indian domestic down in Mexico is very successful in making life a burden to those who employ help there. An Indian washerwoman agrees originally to do a washing for a moderate sum, generally half a dollar, but she wants her breakfast before she begins. When work has progressed until the clothes are all wet she strikes and refuses to finish unless she is given a dress. Then she resumes her work for an hour or so, when she declares she is hungry again. Being fed she worries along till dinner time, but in the meantime she has filled all her pockets with apples or potatoes, or whatever seems plentiful in the edible line. Along about 4 o'clock she gets through her job. Then she asks for another lunch and some flour to take home with her. As she is leaving her last remark is: "Mica wake mukamuck" (I haven't anything to eat). Under these circumstances it is not surprising that wash day is put off as long as possible in Mexico, and the rarity of clean linen is in a measure excusable.

IT MAY be just exactly as you say, young man, but, remember, the man who thinks that the world owes him a living will find that his claim will go unpaid unless he takes off his coat, rolls up his sleeves and pitches in to earn it. You will have to work hard for all you get in this world, and the sooner you make up your mind to this fact the better it will be for you and the greater will be your success.—*Peck's Sun*.

TRUE repentance consists in the heart being broken for sin and broken from sin. Some often repent, yet never reform; they resemble a man traveling in a dangerous path, who frequently starts and stops, but never turns aside.—*Thornton*.

POKER AT WASHINGTON.

Some Famous Games—The Tice Meter Job—A Kentuckian's Thousand Dollar Pot.

The "Tice meter," which was intended to measure the amount of whisky produced by a distillery, was one of the biggest jobs I have ever known here. A law was introduced in Congress requiring the commissioner of internal revenue to compel the introduction of the Tice meter in every distillery in the United States, and as they cost from \$1,500 to \$3,000 each there was a big percentage to be divided somewhere. The chairman of the committee to whom the introduction of the meter was referred, however, could not be persuaded to report it back to the house favorably, and a variety of methods were employed to secure his sanction. Finally he was invited to play a game of draw poker, of which he was extravagantly fond, in the parlor of Mr. Tice at Willard's hotel. The game was a lively one, and when the party broke up the congressman was jubilant and the meter manufacturer was sad, having lost \$10,000. The next day a bill was reported in favor of the meter, which became a law, and Mr. Tice sold a large number of his machines to the government. Of course, his loss in the game of draw poker had nothing to do with its introduction.

Poker-players say that Gen. Bristow, ex-secretary of the treasury, can sit as quietly behind three kings as a pair of aces and not betray his feelings as anyone in Washington; indeed, all of these stalwart Kentuckians who refuse to drink sugar in their whisky play good hands at poker. Fernando Wood had the reputation of having lost more money playing poker than any other congressman. He was the same at a poker table as he was in his seat in the House—a regular Turkydrop of deportment, never taking off his coat nor moulting his dignity. He might swear a little occasionally, but he rarely went even for this purpose. His face was a perfect mask, giving no indications even if he held three aces and a pair of kings, and he could bet \$1,000 on a pair of nines and nobody could tell he was bluffing. Yet he was not a successful player.

Boyd Winchester, once a Representative from Kentucky, would play all day and night, and for two or three days running. He could always be depended upon. Whenever the boys wanted to get up a little game they knew they had only to find Winchester to make up the hand. He would leave a committee meeting or a session of the House to take a hand at draw, and he was a fearless player. Unless his opponents understood his manner of playing he was likely to pocket a great deal of their money. It was shown by the Ways and Means Committee that about the time of the passage of the Pacific mail subsidy Winchester deposited with the Sergeant-at-Arms \$1,000, and by some it was thought that he had received the money from the corruption fund. So he was summoned here from Kentucky to give his evidence. He acknowledged having deposited the money, but he said he voted against the bill, and did not get a dollar from the company. He finally acknowledged that he made the money at the gambling-table, and, being pressed somewhat, gave the committee quietly to understand that one of its members could bear testimony to the fact. He alluded to Fernando Wood, and that gentleman subsequently said he was personally cognizant of the facts. Winchester also told some of the members of the committee that if they wanted still further evidence he would summon General Schenck from the American Legation in London. The committee very cheerfully discharged the witness before he could tell any more. Schenck had been chairman of that committee, and they did not want to injure its good name.—*Benj. Perley Poore*.

How the Duchy of Prussia came to the Hohenzollerns.

The country in question lies along the coast of the Baltic, east of the river Vistula. The natives—the Prussians, or Po-Russians—were Slavs by race, heathen by religion, fishermen and hunters by occupation; and they were ever ready to fight, and fight bravely, for their religion, their homes, and their independence. But the church could not tolerate their religion, and sought to carry them the Gospel of Peace on the point of the sword. With the sword the barbarians resisted; and more than one pious expedition marched into the fatal disaster. At length it was determined to call in the Teutonic Knights—an order of chivalry founded during the Crusades, and in the early part of the thirteenth century settled without employment at Venice. Those zealous adventurers responded with eagerness to the appeal. They received a grant of the country from the Pope and the Emperor, set about the conquest with energy and method, and eventually subdued the natives under their authority and that of the Church. For two centuries they governed well. The country was prosperous, and the knights, though a privileged caste, averse to labor, set at least an example of temperance and equity. But luxury and idleness began finally to work their effects, and by the fifteenth century the knights had lost their habits of sobriety, their sense of justice, their valor and skill in battle. In wars with Poland they were repeatedly unsuccessful, and paid for their defeats by the loss of territory. The post of Grand Master of the order went begging all over Europe. It had ceased to be a post either of honor or of power. But early in the sixteenth century the choice fell upon Albert of Hohenzollern, of the Nuremberg branch of the family, and he accepted, with the resolution to restore the wasted fortunes of the colony. The task was difficult. The princes of the Empire, to whom Albert applied for help, gave only advice. Martin Luther, whom he consulted, also gave advice, and on that he acted. He adopted the Reformation, secularized the order, and created the Duchy of Prussia, he himself being Duke, and a vassal of the republic of Poland.

With this revolution begins the chain of circumstances which led to the acquisition of the duchy by Albert's kinsmen of Brandenburg. It will suffice to say that in 1569 the right of succession in the duchy, on the failure of direct heirs of Albert, had been secured to the electors of Brandenburg by treaty with Poland, that in 1618 this country was arrived, and that John Sigismund, who had a further claim based on his marriage with a granddaughter of Albert, became Duke of Prussia.—*Herbert Tuttle, in Harper's Magazine*.

There seems to be a difference of opinion about pianos. I know a poet who thinks he gets his inspirations from the tones of a grand square, and I also know an editor who is unable to write a puff for a groceryman next door, if he hears a certain young lady in the apartments across the street strike the premonitory chords of a waltz.

Piano Playing.

Some men just adore the cadence of the diamond-ringed fingers of the fair sex upon the ivory keys, while others, in the language of the immortal paragraphist, "curse and howl and swear." It seems to be altogether a matter of individual taste. One can not tell beforehand how this magic instrument is going to affect the listener.

Some one suggests that it can be determined by knowing in advance whether the person is a musician or not. The writer begs leave to doubt. The best musician he ever knew made up the most awful faces, and squirmed the most atrociously of all, in a little circle of music lovers invited by a certain rich papa to come and hear his boarding-school daughter play. I was charmed, of course; but then the girl had a remarkable pretty profile, and was worth, prospectively, a few millions. It became me to be charmed. I really do not think that the effect of piano-playing can be determined, definitely, until the subject has been experimented upon. I once was told of a ferociously brave Indian, who had captured an innumerable number of scalps, and was well-known to all the hair-dealers of Chicago—I heard that he once crept into a Montana settler's cabin, while the folks were all away except the daughter of the house, with the laudable intention of increasing his stock-in-trade by inducing the said young lady to part with her luxuriant tresses. He discovered her seated at what he supposed to be a new-fangled kind of a meat chopper, and steaming softly up behind her, was just reaching out his sanguinary fist to grasp her long scalp-lock, when, with all the energy of a western girl, she brought down her floury fingers upon the first chord of "Johnny Comes Marching Home Again."

This was too much for the unsuspecting red man. With a wild yell of terror, he dropped his butcher-knife and sprang through the window, carrying sash and all with him. The belle of the prairies jumped up just in time to see Ochevochee (which being translated, signifies "Fundamental Barber") disappear over the crest of a neighboring swell, with the sash dangling down his back and slapping his leg at every spring.

It will be readily admitted that the young lady could not have foreseen this enthusiastic reception of her musical effort; neither could she with certainty have counted upon its opposite effect. There are Indians, no doubt, who would have just sunk into a chair and permitted their ravished souls to melt in tears of rapture and exquisite sympathy.

On the other hand, we may safely assume that had the male relatives of the young lady been compelled to listen to the same palpitating strains, they would indignantly have called for the frying-pan and assuaged their souls with the more seductive andante of the frying-pork.

It will be seen, therefore, that piano-playing is one of the things which the sage Josh Billings would call "onsarting." There are those whose souls yearn for it, as the soul of the youthful artist yearns for a paint pot and a square yard of board fence. There are those who can sit by the hour listening to the strains—beg pardon, the endeavors of a young lady in a pink satin waist and a pearl necklace, as she hammers away at the divine harmonies of a Mendelssohn or a Beethoven. But there are others who would rather not. Tastes certainly do differ. It is with music as it is with onions—some like 'em and some don't.

Occasionally there will rise upon the horizon of art, a being whose very presence breathes the soul of light and beauty—a divine, unapproachable, fore-ordained genius. And when such a one expends the energies of youth, and the devotion of maturity, upon the mysteries of the many-keyed instrument, practicing early and late, and inflicting untold agonies upon innumerable brain-workers, at last—at last, mind you—when the wrinkles of toil and care begin to sear the fresh young brow, and the days of youth are floating out into the shadowy past, like sunset clouds embayed in gathering dusk—then it will be said that one, by those who have true artist souls, that he or she knows how to play the piano.

But as for the much-enduring editor, and the money making citizen, and the man of prosaic tendencies in general—will he be able to detect to difference? Not much! All piano-playing is alike to him, a vexation of soul, and a vain reaching after the unattainable.—*Peck*.

Experts on Blood Stains.

Referring to some recent expert testimony as to blood stains the *Microscope* says: "Human blood cannot be told from dog's blood, except under favorable conditions, and not invariably." Mr. Woodward, of Washington, says: "The average of all the measurements of human blood I have made is rather larger than the average of all the measurements of dog's blood. But it is not rare to find specimens of dog's blood in which the corpuscles are so large that their average size is larger than that of many samples of human blood." When it is remembered that the measurements of human blood by so-called high authorities vary from 1-8050 to 1-16300 of an inch, expert testimony on the subject takes on a serious aspect, and juries should receive it with great caution.

Out in Washington Territory they call it "lady suffrage."

THOUGHT AND OPINION.

A THOUSAND influences in our modern life tend to separate, to isolate and alienate.—*Living Church*.

The church to-day is like the butt end of a broom—as many diversities as the broom has fingers.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

The thing desired is to "make men forget they are anything but American."—*A Southern Teacher in the Independent*.

A MAN voting when he is drunk is as if you should send a wild bull into an orphan asylum to take care of the children.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

ANY man strong enough to have attained prominence in National affairs, whatever his name, is too strong to permit women to fight his battles.—*Evening Wisconsin*.

WHILE the D. D.'s are quibbling, these bonneted Amazons are marching on to the conquest of the people for righteousness and God.—*Mrs. Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army*.

THE theory that the interests of a journal, when it is suddenly robbed of its working head, can best be served by the promotion of the next in rank, has found favor with all great American newspapers.—*Utica Observer*.

UNREFORMED Utah applied to Congress for a place in the Union, and is admitted by any time-serving party, God grant she may hang as a mill-stone around the neck of every politician who favors the conspiracy to give the American Bluebeard a seat by the side of Washington.—*Joseph Cook, Boston, Lecture*.

WE want simplicity of life, frugality, modesty, industry and system. If we could introduce these virtues into our higher society, we should diminish the despair, envy, jealousy, dissipation and suicides of the single, and the bickerings, wretchedness and divorces of the married.—*Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York*.

AS LONG as our school system continues to be a stuffing machine the assaults will be made. Reform need not be revolutionary. Too many things are taught; sweep at least one third of the "ologies" off the schedule and teach the others more leisurely and more thoroughly and less mechanically.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

It is scarcely possible to estimate the effect upon the social status of women in general which might be exerted by a class of women comparable in many-sided intelligence and power to the class of men who rule the thought and industry of men; but such a class of women can only be created by equal opportunities of education.—*The Nation*.

WHEN a man has been a part of a great thing, the greatest in American history, what will he do? All other things are less, and however well he does them, he seems a smaller figure in the doing. The pictures of General Grant will not represent him standing on Wall Street King a trade. Appomattox is higher ground, and the conditions of the surrender of Lee and his legions are the words we shall remember.—*Rev. Myron Reed*.

Of Interest to Smokers.

A gentleman describing himself as "one of the people fond of a good cigar," assures the *New York Times* that a prominent physician told him that from the practice of cigar-makers wetting the wrapper with their saliva and biting the end of the cigar into shape a loathsome disease was spreading, and that he knew of several cases. "Some what alarmed," he continued, "I managed to visit a number of factories. Two-thirds of the cigar-makers, I found, dab the whole end of the cigar with their saliva. Thinking that Cuban workmen might not do it, I visited places where they were employed, and found that not only did they use their saliva to make the wrapper stick, but that most of them, before wrapping, bit the end of the cigar into shape with their teeth. As the physician informs me that many of the cigar-makers have sore mouths from disease, it is a dangerous as well as a beastly habit."

This is horrible, if true; and we fear it is true to some extent. From personal observation we know that cigar-makers in Cuba do manipulate their work with a touch of saliva. Not many of them do it, we should judge; but some do, and these nasty workmen are probably the very fellows whose mouths are the most likely to communicate disease. Those cigars, moreover, which look the neatest at the smoking end, and are therefore the most admired by young smokers, probably owe their attractive symmetry to this disgusting manipulation. Yet it is a fact that the most inveterate smokers are found among young men who must be aware of the prevalence of this filthy practice. Almost all those who manufacture cigars, or who deal in cigars, also smoke cigars. We don't quite see how they can do it, but they do.—*Buffalo Express*.

A Chorister's Strategy.

They were practicing an anthem in which the soprano is expected to shout up into the realms above. That is, expected to strike a note so high that the angels would have no trouble to distinguish it from anything else. It was a distinct, high-toned shout in "high C." The chorister knew the capacity of his choir, but he didn't exactly know how much real work a chorister is expected to do in order to show off his soprano. If there is anything in the world that will try a man's patience more than bringing out the full volume of a soprano's voice it is bringing up the tempo, base, and alto to the right pitch. In fact a chorister's life is not a happy one, taking one consideration with another. This was exactly the trouble with the chorister under consideration. Time after time he had the choir go through the anthem, only to meet with disappointment. "High C" would be either sharp or flat, or else it sounded as though sent through a bunch of flannel rags. After trying a dozen times, and getting worked up to a perspiring heat, he gave the choir a five minutes rest. During that time he was planning how he would make the soprano sing those high notes.

Just as the five minutes were up the chorister arose with a fiendish smile on his face. It was evident that he had resolved to have that high note knocked out, or bust the soprano's wind-pipe. Just as the choir was ready to sing, he suddenly pointed at the floor in the neighborhood of the soprano's feet, and shouted, "A rat! a rat!" With a shriek that would make a steam calico green with envy, the soprano jumped up into a chair. With a she-rot-there-Eli expression on his face, he quietly remarked: "There is more than one way to make a bird sing that won't sing. I guess there won't be any more trouble about the soprano reaching high C, after giving us such a sample of her strong high-toned voice." And the soprano got there every time without further trouble.—*Peck's Sun*.

The Flower Garden.

Our best florists no longer sow seeds in earthenware, but use shallow boxes, instead. Common soap boxes cut into three or four pieces, making a depth of not more than one or two inches for the soil into which the seeds are to be sown, are convenient. Of course, any size of box will do, but it should not be of greater depth than two inches, otherwise the soil will get too wet, and become sour. Care must be taken that the bottom of the box is left open sufficiently to allow the water to escape when given in excess. Almost any good soil will suit, which, for convenience, had better be procured from the nearest florist.

After placing the soil in the boxes make the surface perfectly level and smooth, then sow the seed evenly over it, press it into the soil, and cover it. The rule is that all seeds should have a covering of soil equal to the size of the seed.

When covered, water gently with a fine rose watering-pot; this one watering will usually be sufficient until the seeds come up; in any case the soil should not be again watered until, by its light color, it shows indications of being dry. Although seed will germinate in the dark, the moment that they break the surface of the soil they should be placed in the lightest possible place.

The temperature best suited to the germination of nearly all seeds is about 60 degrees at night with 70 degrees during the day. After the seeds have started to make the rough leaves, they should be replanted from the seed boxes into similar boxes, at distances of from an inch to an inch and a half apart, where they can remain to be set out in the open ground, from the middle to the end of May.

It is very important to get the proper kinds of flower seeds because there are hundreds of varieties offered in the seedmen's lists that it would be useless for the amateur to attempt to cultivate. For want of discrimination in selection much disappointment ensues. The kinds recommended are asters in variety Balsams (cannella flower), candytuft, in variety, cockscomb, chrysanthemum tri-color, coleus convolvulus, cypress vine, geraniums, marigold (gold-striped), mignonette, pyramidal and spiral pansy, in variety, phlox drummondii, petunia, single and double, stocks, verbena, and zinnia.

Another plan, very satisfactory with amateur gardeners raising flowers, is to purchase very small plants from the florist about the first week in April, which at that season can be had at about one-third the price they are sold for in May. These plants are shifted into pots a size larger, and can be kept in the sitting-room where there is plenty of light. By the time of planting out in May they will have grown to be large and fine plants. They will require but little care. The kinds of plants best suited for summer flowering that can be safely grown in the sitting room, are begonias, chrysanthemums, carnations, geraniums of all kinds, fuchsias, heliotrope, and monthly roses. There are many others, of course, but these are the simplest and such as will be most satisfactory.—*New York Evening Post*.

Martha Washington's Garret.

Let no one hereafter complain of having to live in a garret alone and without a fire. For here, with all this spacious and noble house to select from, the widow of Washington chose a garret looking to the south and out upon his tomb. This is the old tomb where he was first laid to rest, and where the fallen oak leaves are crowding in heaps now and almost filling up the low, dark doorway.

The garret has but one window, a small and narrow dormer window, and it is otherwise quite dark. A bottom corner of the door is cut away so that her cat might come and go at will. And this is the saddest, tenderest sight at Mount Vernon. It seems to me that I could see this lady sitting here, looking out upon the tomb of her mighty dead, the great river sweeping fast beyond, her heart full of memory of a mighty nation's birth—waiting, waiting, waiting. Her work was done. She had lived quite the allotted three score and ten. Her companions were in the tomb, and so she chose this garret, just above the bed in which her immortal husband had died, as a sacred place in which to sit down and cherish her memories and wait with folded hands for the end. And so here, after a year and a half of waiting, the angel of death found her; the hands were folded forever, and the nation mourned for its mother.—*Joaquin Miller at Mt. Vernon*.

Two Pointers.

A Philadelphia speculator who knew that his coachman had a few hundred dollars and was sometimes interested in stocks, observed to him one morning: "James, a few of us speculators have formed a syndicate to boom the stock of the V. & V. Railroad."

"Yes'r."

"I simply drop you a hint as a pointer to buy on."

"Thankee, sir; but a few of us coachmen and butlers have formed a syndicate to bear the stocks of that very line, and I was going to say to you yesterday that you'd better stand firm under."

ONE of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.—*Bulwer*.